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### SUPERMAN! BATMAN! BOY COMMANDOS

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#### WARRIOR'S RETURN

by Walt Brush

A NORY? It was more than that. His heart was black with hate. Behind him lay the trail of ruin the soldiers had laid. Before him he thought now, lay oblivion. Perhaps not forever but at least for a long

He grosned placed ha hands to his throbbing head Outside, the missime odors of the swamp rose higher and came through the rude windows of the cabin. It was hot, stoffing hot Throw was no way to the sea here. Once more he grosned Acturated fool that he had been't h

cursed fool that he had been!
His spree had told him that the
Covernment was going to clean
him out. But he had laughed,
thinking himself stronger craftier, willer
He had been so cocky, so
confident in those days. His

He had been so cocky, so condient in those days. His remewers sailed in the traits, knew rivers and bayons us they knew rhes sailed and they knew the saas. Anguily the fram got up from the table. Bweat had crinkled had days had been the sailt, of finest silk—after all, hadn't it come second-hand from Paris\*—was plast ered to his powerful back Rp-plung maxies showed benes howed benes howe

He turned now, cast sharp eyes out the window His nose wrinkled in distaste. All his life, he knew he had loved the swamp. But Grand Terre had never been like this—there everyone had isbored to make

It as umpregnable stronghold. "Stronghold Bah" He uttered the words aloud If he hadn't been so condident a fool this thing that had happened to him might have been awered the had never thought a Navy would come into Baravira Bolders- yell "For solders I was prepared," he muttered. "But these Naves.

"Did you call me, M'sieu?"
The owner of the voice was big, stocky He was a crack supper and his name was

a sword and two pietols decorated his big frame. A huge black mustache, drooping like the fronds of a tropic tree, hung from his lip.

The man at the window

turned. Na." he barked "I did not cas. you "He gestured unputiently with his hand. "Get out and stay out you—you—
pegg. He snatched a cutless from the desk and advenced toward Pepto Unafraid, the big man nevertheless started to back slowly toward the door. The temper of the big boss was concerned to well known to permit argu-

"I only thought you had made up your mind, Boss," Peptic said "There see nothing to he energy over."

The curlass swated through the air Nothing" the man called Boss said. You say this is nothing this say, the proper his arm indicated the room. "And outside, hiding in the swamps, are my braw em. They will not come out from hiding, either He dropped the culess on the deak "Oh, what sees the tase" he said moodily

"I must take time to make up my mind. He snapped his fingers. "No, I will make est up now. We stay". Pepito's face fel. "Aw Boss,"

Pep.to's face fel. "Aw Boss," he pleaded "You do not understand maybe?"
"Do not understand?" Once more the wild rage appeared in the Bose' face. "I understand

that my men are in hiding. My heme, she has been destroyed. My heautiful ships are lying at the bottom of Barataris Bay. For almost one west I have been brooding here, rothing away. — and now yes have come to me with this proposition. Has voice roes to a crescend of anger "I say get out—quaskil" He fuller the cuttans, but Peptito Butter the cuttans.

sidestepped as it clanged on the

figur.

The door closed belund Pepito.

Once again, the Bose returned to his chair "There heat," he muttered to himself, "set is driving me crasy."

But he knew that it want't the heat It was the news Peptit had brought him. He knew he abould have been happy over it. After all the accuraced soldiers—and the seasons, too—who had heaped all that trouble on his once happy head had their own hands filled with difficulties now.

ficulties now

The Boss threw back his
head and laughed Now let them
try their trucks on someons
eas This time it wouldn't be so
easy What was it Peptio had
said—that Orioral, the one raspecialise for the destruction of
the Boss' stronghold—was
fabring at odds of ten to one.

Ten to one? The Bost chuckied. Scornfully he added.

"Fool. Imbectis. These enemy they are much strongust. They will defeat him resuly."

It was a good thought to release. But t seemed to be only the coating for a batter pill, for suddenly the Bost got to his suddenly the Bost got to his

feet and commenced his nervous pacing again.
That General could use a good gunner like Pepsto. "And a good mind like I possess," the Bose told himself, "could

easily win a wer." He didn't feel at all selfconscious about the self paid tribute. Just look at what he had done on the bush sees or a privateer Single handed he had handed together the toughest cut throats of the Seven Seas ruled them with an iron fist He had taken ships from the Indies, from Chine, from Bng. land and all of Europe His name had been feared by alland his men were the bravest his ships the fleetest. "Peneto Maxl. Chin. Otia Oran, Rakehand, Cutless . . . he started to count off on his fingers the heutenants who had been with him since those early days. All brave men, and they alone knew that bravery meant not having the fear of death. "Death" The Boss hooted

scornfully. What was death but another adventure something one faced day y especially in this business. Dving in battle was a business-and the man

had loved to fight. And now perhaps for a long

while, they would not fight egain. In the swamps they were hidden, deep-hidden in the dangerous places, the lair of

makes and fever The chest of the slight man

in the coom swelled with pride Even now only a year after the great flight a signs, had been erranged. When it sounded, from the swamps would come the entire band -great fighters all, men women, and children, Only he could call them out. They would not come out even for Pepito

As he thought of Pepito again, the Boss' face clouded, "Pepito, he muttered ,"bearer of bad news. He is to me an unlucky leutenant. Then he grinned. "No, that is not so, There is none braver none more loval." His eyes suddenly snan ped. Loyalty 2" he said to himself "That is what Pepito spoke about. He smeshed his first angrily on the table "Bah" he said. "I do not owe this Govern

ment anything They are my

enemies. They have smashed ms." Forgetting there was no one to hear him, the Boss raised his voice higher as though speaking to someone on the opposite side of the room "I sweer that someday my men and I will come out from the

swamps and make these people pay who have done this to me." "I -" he stopped, turning his head as he saw his reflection

in the mirror energy talking back to him It struck him as funny, he laughed "Ah, I am indeed going crazy," he said to the reflection. It is this mactivity that is killing me. Ah. well" he shrugged, sat down again beavily. He couldn't understand why he should be feeling this way. He should be happy The Government that had hurt him was now in peril There was an enemy at their

it looked bed. Very bed. Maybe maybe Suddenly he leaped to his feet as a thought lashed at his mind What if this enemy should win? How would be the Boss, stand. He did not know this new enemy very well Would they fight fair? At least, the Government which had stamped him out was his own Government He had been breaking the law-and for lawbreakers there is always punish-

gates, and from Penito's face.

But what had the Government done to be invaded? Noth, ing-nothing except to be the object of greed! There was nothing sporting about this invader No chase no thrill of the hunt, no colors suddenly flying to the breeze-a skul, and cross bones. Never had he the Boss, failed to give the enemy a fair chance to run or to fight And women and children had never been harmed'

Indianation rose within the Boss as he reviewed these things What right had envone to come into his country-into the heart of his beloved bayous? The Boss rushed to the door "Pepito! he cried out "Pepito!" He looked suspiciously at the swarthy grinning face which now materialized suddenly "You have been standing here

waiting," he accused. "Is that not so, dog?" Is so" he chartled his face highting up as he saw the battle flare in the Boss' eyes. "You have an answer?"

"I have, the Boss round. His hand descended with a loud thwack on Pepitos broad back. Take your purposes he cried into the bayous and give the signs. Bring all my men together every fighting one of them Still ta king he ren into the room and grabbed up the cutlass "Te., them," he said, "that Jean Lafitte is ready to fight again." A smule creased his face "And though it be on the side of that General Jackson. they will fight and die like men for the defense of New Orleans and our country"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT PROPERTIES HE SEQUENCE BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF A GUET H. JAJ.

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